# Romantic Getaway

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# Romantic Getaway

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Set in the fourth chapter of A Little Bird Told Me: Hannibal and Will fleeing the country and getting wrapped up in each other again.

Notes

I thought I'd dedicate this little piece to bitterberry because they are a dear, and consider this piece a thank you for your lovely comments and support!

See the end of the work for more notes

*We have to go.*

*We have to go.*

*We have to go,* Will thinks, and that only coherent thought quickly fades like all of the others as Hannibal kisses him again, running a hand through his hair and holding him tightly with the other. And to be honest, Will doesn't mind that much. His head is swirling, but it's a respite from the cold, crushing reality of the past year and a half. He's perfectly fine with the affection Hannibal is lavishing him with, muttering words of adoration in almost every language that he knows.

He's a fucking sap, and *fuck,* Will has missed this.

He doesn't really remember them breaking apart, but he does remember Hannibal guiding him to sit down on the open back of the van, asking in a hushed voice, "Will? Are you alright?"

Will manages to nod, and even smile, causing one to spread across Hannibal's face as well.

"One moment, excuse me."

Hannibal steps into the van behind Will, surveying the corpses of the guards and wishing that he had been present to witness Will's unbridled rage. Moving again, he steps over to the nearest guard, and removes a cell phone from the corpse, wrapping a tissue around it as he dials a number. It is answered on the second ring.

"Hannibal."

"Chiyoh."

Her voice is tinged in annoyance but not a trace of surprise. "I have been waiting for your call for over a year now, when I expected only six months at the most."

"My deepest apologies," Hannibal says, looking back at Will. "There was...an unexpected issue."

He does not *hear* a sigh, but he feels it. "I will give you an address, be there in no less than two hours."

She gives him an address over the phone and hangs up immediately after. Hannibal tucks the phone back into the pocket of the corpse, and comes back to where Will is apparently lost in thought. He could have sighed in relief when he laid on a hand on Will's shoulder and not only didn't flinch, but leaned into the touch.

"We have to go," Hannibal says gently, and Will nods, standing up and following Hannibal to the car he had stolen, and opens the door for him. Will smiles a little shyly as he sits, and as they drive away, they settle into a comfortable silence. They don't even need to talk, because

finally being in each other's presence again after so long speaks more volumes than any words could.

But Hannibal can't ever remain silent.

"Four hundred and thirty-seven."

"What?" Will asks, confused as he turns his head to look at Hannibal, who is making a valiant effort to continue watching the road instead of looking at Will. "Four hundred and thirty-seven what?"

"I have not seen you in four hundred and thirty-seven days," Hannibal declares, and Will lets a out a noise that can only be categorized as *'surprised, but I really shouldn't be.'*

"You kept count?"

"Not consciously."

"Of course."

"A day did not pass where I did not think of you," Hannibal says, his voice soft in a way it usually isn't. Will reaches over and covers Hannibal's hand that is resting on the gearshift.

And that says more than any words he could have tried to say.

*It's okay. I'm here.*

The address is for a terrible motel one would only stay in dire situations or morally dubious ones. Seeing as this situation was both, it was perfect for their uses. They had taken the backroads for almost two full hours, nearly draining the gas tank, when they arrived at their destination. However, they stopped a distance away when Hannibal spotted Chiyoh on the sideroad, waiting in front of her car, waiting patiently. She was not impressed, she never was, instead informing the both of them that the suitcases with the identifications were in the trunk, and that they would take her car, as there was probably already a trace on theirs.

They thanked her, she nodded a goodbye, and simply walked down the road back into town as they got into her car.

As Hannibal had changed out of his prison uniform and dressed in a spare guard outfit he'd stolen during his escape, when they pulled up to the front of the motel, he got out of the car and made his way to the front desk.

He ignored the smell of cheap cologne and bourbon as he paid for a night in the room with cash. The man behind the desk didn't seem to really give a damn, so he politely inquired: "Excuse me, my partner is joining me later this evening, and he does enjoy a cigarette but I can't stand a smoking room. Is there another place he could smoke?"

“Back fire exit,” the man said, punctuating his response why spitting his chew tobacco into a nearby wastebasket. “But I ain’t responsible if he gets into problems with some of the other tenants, there are cameras back there to prove if there’s an issue.”

“Noted,” Hannibal says in a measured tone. Perfect. He accepts the key, well aware his prints are all over it, and then heads back outside to where Will was waiting in the car. They drive around to the back, avoiding the cameras so the car is not captured, and parking the car at the very edge of the lot, closest to the road. They unloaded the suitcases and entered a room with peeling, yellowed wallpaper and visible grim in the carpet.

“You should shower first,” Hannibal says, looking Will over in a not-subtle fashion. Will notices, and rolls his eyes in pretend irritation.

Will runs a hand over his face in the shower, the water near scalding. The water pressure was much too hard, and it felt like little scorching pinpricks raining down, but the blood was starting to rinse away. It was caked in the ends of his hair and went deep under his fingernails, which would have to be scrubbed at later. Now wasn’t the time. Now was a matter of shedding this life as quickly as possible to settle into a new one. But he stood there, under the showerhead, and just thought about the blood dripping down his back like it was still fresh, rubbing the cheap complimentary body wash into his skin to try and wipe away the stains.

*Out, damned spot!*

He wipes his hand against the foggy mirror to reveal himself staring back, everything the same, down to the faded cream-colored towel around his lower half. He can see the exhaustion laying heavy underneath his eyes, the year and a half showing on his face. He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. He could feel the artificial orange-scented steam surrounding him, as well as the warm arms of Hannibal Lecter wrapping around his waist, his face burying itself in his neck. Will found himself smiling.

“The smell of blood still clings to you,” Hannibal says against his skin. “Very *becoming.”*

“How charming,” Will teases. “If I wasn’t used to this, I would surely swoon.”

He can feel Hannibal’s faint smile as one of his hands reach out to gently trace against the new bullet scar, just under his right long. He can feel when the smile fades, so he moves one of his hands that was gripping the dirty sink and touches Hannibal’s hand, as reassuring as he can be.

“You know, I still have all this empathy,” he says, breaking the silence, words cutting through the heavy air. “I can feel what you’re thinking.”

Hannibal, for once, doesn’t offer a response, just tightens his grip ever so slightly, as if in letting go, Will would disappear.

“It’s overwhelming,” Will says, barely above a whisper. “You’re jealous that there’s a new scar on me that you didn’t put there. You’re angry that they kept me away from you. You’re even more angry that they told you I wasn’t even alive, that you would never see me again.”

A bit of a snarl, Will could feel that.

“But above all, you’re *relieved.”* Hannibal moves to nose behind Will’s ear, and Will has to smile again. “You’re *relieved* because when I was gone before, there was always the fleeting chance I’d come right back to you. Not this time. But it still happened, despite your conviction that the teacup wouldn’t come back together.”

“As I have previously told you, Will,” Hannibal says against his ear, his hand moving away from the bullet scar down to push down the towel just a bit, to the scar across Will’s stomach. Will’s breath hitches as Hannibal traces against it and continues: “I have never been entirely able to predict you.”

“Didn’t I-” Will swallows hard in an attempt to regather himself as Hannibal moves to dot Will’s cheek scar in kisses. Reassurance, he knows that’s what this is, even if Hannibal wouldn’t admit it. He’s reassuring himself that this is real.

“Hmm?” Hannibal hums, pleased with himself. “What were you saying?”

Will forces himself to conjure up a smirk. “I was *saying,* didn’t I tell you before we’d always end back up together?”

“I remember. Argentina. They only found us in Cuba, you know. We could go back to the house in Buenos Aires.”

“Maybe,” Will concedes, turning into the affection. “Are there other places we should go?”

“Montenegro is rather nice this time of year,” Hannibal replies, obviously unwilling to let go of him for the moment. Will laughs a little. He hasn’t done that in a long time. But still, they have to get ready.

They need to go.

“I’m going to get dressed,” Will says, bringing his free hand up to his cheek, rubbing along the underside of his jaw. “If we had time I’d grow out the stubble, cut my hair.”

Hannibal moves his hand from the scar to reach up into Will’s curls, grown longer during his prison stay. “Perhaps at a later time.”

“Just because you *like* it isn’t a reason to keep it,” Will laughs again, prying Hannibal’s arm away from his grip on his waist, but leaving him with one more kiss. “I’m getting dressed, we have to go. We have to go.”

Hannibal showers as Will dresses. It’s plain clothes, gray slacks and a white shirt that should be ironed, but is instead wrinkled beyond repair. It will have to do. Maybe better than it would have been pressed, fitting his rankled demeanor but not Hannibal’s, whose clothes are in a similar state. He just about turns his nose up, as Will expected, after he gets out of the

shower, but accepts his own wrinkled white shirt, only he wear black pants, with a loose vest to match. Will snickers as he watches Hannibal look through the suitcase.

“There’s no suit jacket,” he calls over his shoulder, his eyes returning to the mirror so that he can finish gelling down his hair. He can almost hear the annoyance in Hannibal’s thoughts. “But it doesn’t matter, I *like* just the vest.”

*He’s got him there,* Will knows it, from Hannibal’s decision to not press the issue further, instead brushing dirt off of his loafers before slipping them on. Will watches in the mirror as Hannibal removes a piece of paper from a pad tucked into the suitcase, writing something down, and neatly folding it in half before setting it on the bedside table.

“What is that?” he asked wearily. Hannibal’s smile is obnoxious and Will has missed it.

“Just a parting note for Jack, in case he traces us back to here.”

Will narrowed his eyes. “Of course you have to gloat.”

“It isn’t gloating if I am *correct,* Will.”

“See, in *your* case, it is,” Will says, brushing his hair all the way back from his face and can practically feel Hannibal watching as he does that. He moves away from the mirror, back to the suitcases and zips his shut. Looking up, he asks, “Ready to go?”

“I have been ready to run away with you again for four hundred and thirty-seven days,” Hannibal says, unable to hold back a grin. Will smiles as well, accepting Hannibal’s outstretched hand, and squeezes it as they leave, making sure the door locks behind them.

Will tilts his seat so he can stretch out more, even with the added leg room of first class. Truly, he’d gotten used to this, and he really should hate Hannibal for it, but really, he should hate Hannibal for a lot of reasons but *c’est la vie.* They’re on their way to Aruba, as it was the first set of tickets Chiyoh could obtain in their timecrunch. Hannibal’s hand has not let go of Will’s hand the entire way here except for handling the suitcases. Will can’t find in himself to let go, either. It’s juvenile, and stupidly romantic and cheesy, and Will has missed this so much.

The flight attendant offers a drink, and Will orders a glass of the red wine that Hannibal chose.

“Vacationing?” she asks with a thousand-dollar smile, pouring each of them a glass. Hannibal accepts the first glass, handing it to Will, and taking the second for himself. He smiles at her.

“Yes, we haven't had a nice *getaway* in a while.”

She laughs along with them, and moves down to the next group of seats. Will puts his glass on his tray long enough to hit Hannibal lightly on the shoulder.

“You really can’t help yourself, can you?”

Hannibal just quirks an eyebrow in response as he has a sip of wine. Finishing, he says, “Have i ever spoken anything less than the truth, Will?”

“You’re an ass,” Will says with no bite behind his words. He drains his glass and closes his eyes. “Wake me up when we land.”

As he drifts off, he feels Hannibal squeeze his hand lightly once.

*It was laughably easy to lift a keycard off of one of the guards. He simply kicked hard enough in the Achilles’ tendon of one of the guards as he uses a stolen paperclip from Clarice’s file that they had forgotten to scan to unlock his cuffs.*

*He takes the card and flees up the fire exit stairs, slamming them shut behind him as he uses the card to the wing that no one else is allowed to enter without explicit permission.*

*The door opens and Will walks right in, dropping the card on the floor and looking up into Hannibal’s fond expression from inside his cell.*

*“Jesus God,” Will breathes out, the reality of who is before him setting in.*

*“Wrong deity,” Hannibal says lightly, but the raw emotion behind his eyes is anything but light. “You, on the other hand, are an absolute vision.”*

*Will lets out a laugh before he can stop himself, hysterical with the emotion bubbling up in his chest. He breathes out a again, a mad smile breaking out across his lips. He looks up in the direction of where he knows a camera is, and laughs again.*

*“Frederick,” he says, unable to stop giggling for a few minutes. “I would fucking skin you alive for this, if it wouldn’t be incredibly unsatisfying.”*

*Hannibal laughs as well, a low sound that to anyone other than Will would be terrifying. To Will, it’s like hearing a melody from long ago that you had almost forgotten until you hear it again. Will comes up close to the glass, and Hannibal follows as his mirror image until if it weren’t with for the glass, they would be pressed up against each other.*

*“Will,” Hannibal murmurs. “You’re alive.”*

*That wasn’t a response Will had expected, and his face scrunches up in confusion. “Of - of course I am, they - they said that you - ”*

*“ - were dead?” Hannibal finishes for him. All of Will’s words get tangled with tears in his throat as he nods, his forehead brushing against the glass. “I was told the same. That you were gone.”*

*Will’s jaw drops a little, and Hannibal wishes that he could reach out and brush the hair from his face and kiss him and god just - just touch him. Instead, he settles for the remnants of a*

*smile. "If I had known you were alive, Will, we wouldn't be here. There would be nothing separating us in this moment."*

*They're close enough to feel each other's breath through the hole in the glass.*

*"God, I missed you," Will whispers. "I - I didn't know - fuck, I didn't know."*

*"I have placed no blame on you, Will, and you should not either."*

*There are sounds of security coming up the stairs. They're obviously realized that Will has not made a break for an escape, but right back into the lion's jaws.*

*"They're going to take me back," Will murmurs. "I don't want to leave you."*

*Hannibal shushes him gently. "Perish the thought that I would ever leave you. Soon, Will. They cannot keep us here now."*

*Will's eyes grow a spark of wickedness as the door is pounded on from the outside, ignoring the barked orders to open the door. He brings his hand to his mouth, rubbing across his lips.*

*"Then we should savor this," he says in a near purr that Hannibal has misses so very much. Will moves to the hole in the glass and kisses Hannibal slowly, deeply, sliding his tongue in along with - hand-warmed metal.*

*A twisted paperclip.*

*Hannibal doesn't have time to register this new bit of information when Will pulls away. He gives Hannibal a wink as the door is finally forced open and the security rushes in.*

*They smile and stare at each other even as Will is forced into more restraints, even as the sharp pressure of a sedative needle presses against one of his veins.*

His hand being squeezed and the low ding of the seatbelt warning wakes Will from his dream. He turns to Hannibal, who, predictably, is staring at him, a smile on his face.

"Are we there yet?" Will asks, smiling.

"We are landing now," Hannibal replies. "It is ten PM, your name is Will Graham, and we are landing in Aruba."

"Thank you," Will says dryly, but keeping the smile on. Hannibal's smile is wide, and he brings their connected hands together to bring a kiss to Will's hand. His smile slips for a moment.

"I shall have to purchase new rings," he muses.

“Nothing gaudy,” Will chastises lightly, and leans in for a kiss just as the plane wheels touch down onto the tarmac.

They have dinner in a restaurant with outdoor seating, only about an hour after landing, retrieving their luggage, and making reservations in the closest, nicest hotel Hannibal can find. And during dinner, they can both almost pretend that they haven't been apart. That they've always been here together, that nothing has kept them apart.

The food is delicious, steak with chimichurri sauce and mashed potatoes, and afterwards they walk about in the open air markets an hour before they close, and watch the sunset from the hotel veranda.

They’re safe, at least for now.

When they get into the elevator, Will hits the button for the twenty-sixth floor and as soon as the doors close, he shoves Hannibal against the back wall, a snarl in his mouth as he kisses him hard.

“God, I fucking missed you,” he murmurs into his mouth, and grins as Hannibal’s arms wrap around him in a vice grip, easily changing their positions so that Will is now up against the wall and the railing.

“Will,” Hannibal says, a snarl on his own lips, and Will can’t keep the grin off his face as he kisses him again. “I will tear apart anyone who tries to take you from me again. You cannot know how much I - ”

“I have some idea,” Will says with another kiss, sliding off of the railing and coming to stand up on his feet again just as the elevator dings. He slides his hand under Hannibal’s vest, and looks up with a perfectly innocent expression. “But I wouldn’t be opposed to a demonstration of your pent-up passion.”

He would have shrieked if he didn’t have any dignity as Hannibal easily lifts him into his arms, smiling like an absolute devil.

“One should be very careful of what they wish for,” he smirks as the elevator doors open and he makes his way down to their room. It’s a bit of effort to unlock the door without putting Will down, but he manages.

Will awakens the next morning in a tangled mess of sheets to the smell of coffee and pastries.

“Morning,” he mutters, blinking to regather himself. Last night was a bit of a *blur*.

“Good morning,” Hannibal says in response, pouring a cup of coffee for him. “I trust you slept well.”

Will narrows his eyes. “No one likes a show-off.” He then retreats further into his nest of sheets as Hannibal sets the cup down on his bedside dresser, sliding a coaster underneath as he does so.

“I ordered room service for the continental, but if you’d like anything else I’ll call down for it.”

“No,” Will says, voice slightly muffled. “This is more than enough.”

He moves the sheet from his face in time to watch Hannibal sit next to him on the bed, a velvet box in one hand. He pulls the sheet back over his head in a pretend grain. “I knew that was why you ‘distracted’ me while you were ‘talking’ with the cashier.”

“And I thought was far from transparent,” Hannibal smiles, taking the black diamond ring out of the box. Will lets him slide it on his finger.

“You’re the worst,” he groans in fake exasperation. “I had planned to give you *yours* over a nice dinner with candles or something, or after a kill. But no, you have to plan your spontaneity.”

“Is that what was in your pocket of your dress pants? I haven't looked.”

“You’re a terrible liar,” Will grins, rolling over to lean his head on Hannibal’s shoulder. “But I guess I can forgive that. I’ll give it to you when I can get out of bed.”

Hannibal brushes a curl from Will’s face, unable to resist kissing down his cheek scar. “Would you like to know what I wrote in my note?”

“Jack Crawford is a real mood killer,” Will says, fixing Hannibal with a look. “But I’ll bite: what did you write?”

Hannibal’s grin is pure evil as he whispers against Will’s ear. Will hits him in the chest, even as he starts laughing.

“You’re terrible,” he laughs, accepting a kiss, and then another, and another, and another, until he loses count. Far more than four hundred and thirty-seven, though, he thinks with satisfaction.

“Have you seen either of these two men?”

The motel clerk hurriedly puts away his Playboy and looks up into an FBI badge and two mugshots.

“Uh, y-y-yeah, man. Room 23, the guy on the left rented it.”

“Key, now,” Jack Crawford barks, and grabs the key as soon as it is passed to him. He heads out to room 23 with the rest of his team, knocks once on the door before unlocking it, guns drawn behind him.

The tiny room is empty.

“Damn it,” Jack swears, then says to the team with the wave of a hand, “I want the entire place dusted for prints, any sign of them.”

The room is left in only a slight amount of disarray, wet towels on the shower floor and the mirror dripping from steam residue.

His gaze falls on a piece of paper as the rest of the agents scour the room. Slipping on rubber gloves, he picks up the note and carefully unfolds it. There are only five words written there, in very familiar script:

*Knight takes rook*

*Your move*

End Notes

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!